

SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE

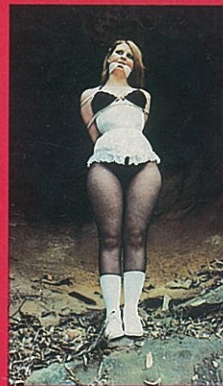
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SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE

NUMBER THREE

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS — CELEBRATING
THE PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER OF THE BOUND
BEAUTY WHOSE "LOVE BONDAGE" IS AS MUCH
FOR HER PLEASURE AS OURS

SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE, NUMBER 3, JANUARY 1985

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SARAH ON ATREUS

There is an aggressive part of my personality that calls to the special man in my life to be inversely captured by my captured self. I want to watch my radiance reflected through his desire. I want him to be made breathless by the beauty he helped create. (The paradox of capture, that we each create our own.) I want to feel the worship, the adoration as he commits each moment to film; The eternal celebration. To see him impulsive and young, the way one can be when visions exceed expectations. To share the emotional high, and like a goddess, to passively hold the emotional control.

I want to give in totally to the arousal by rope, know the inevitability of it, experience the subtlety. I yearn to feel the shifting balance of the equation; The emotion when his power asserts full hold over me. And relent to it. To feel those stages of captivity where all the choices - and the timing of those choices, are his. When his fingertips can tantalize my arousal to painful wanting, and when the ropes restrain me from my full compliance as effectively as my abstinence.

I want to be protected, and cherished, and taken.

I want to be loved.

And I want to be bound.

S.F.T.



Now it's down on to the floor. She looks utterly delectable in her bathing-suit, her bound wrists underneath her, her ankles crossed and tied, her sneakers rubbing together and squeaking beautifully. The tight rubber gag is beginning to shine where Sarah's mouth has wettened it. Another turn-on, seeing that, seeing Sarah's tongue moving about behind the white rubber, working away at it.

We are both very excited now, but controlling it, making ourselves take this slowly. Sarah begins saying things, distorted things, but plainly suggestive, behind her tight gag, fighting the white rubber to make herself understood but not succeeding. That gag, so simple and so seemingly thin, is more of an ordeal than it looks. A delightful paradox: the mouth feels so free, so unfilled, but the unrelenting tension of the folded rubber prevents clear speech. It's a complex arrangement.

Further humiliations follow, more teasings and provocations to make Sarah bridle a little bit, to show fire and spirit. I place the white sneakers near her, one actually on her body, resting on her breasts, further taunting; the other just by her arm.



Dear Readers,

Without ever really knowing that I was doing so, I have made white sneakers and bathingcaps very much a part of how I indulge my love of bondage. Using these items came long before I got to thinking about the reasons for doing so. I'd just get lady friends to put on tennis shoes and socks, and then (increasingly) persuade them to put on a cap before I tied and gagged them. Somehow seeing them white-shod and capped in white made them look vulnerable, exposed and very very sensual. The cap is a way of binding the hair up (and binding the feminine psyche up too, since it's so dependent on its appearance at the level of conventional femininity). The tennis shoes were always a way of binding the feet too, of rendering them harmless and "innocent," especially if the shoes were new and very white, with lots of shiny, squeaky white rubber on them. One reader referred to white sneakers as "love shoes," and I guess that's exactly how I've always seen them.

These items are not essentials for my enjoyment of a bound woman however. It's just that, inevitably, any lady I meet and am fortunate enough to tie up ends up at the cap-and-sneaker stage at least once. Some private mysterious ritual is thereby discharged, whatever it may be, some sort of bondage claim is made. I get no pleasure from making a woman seem unbeautiful or unfeminine, hence I can say that these things to me are beautifying and feminizing accessories, just as bondage itself is.

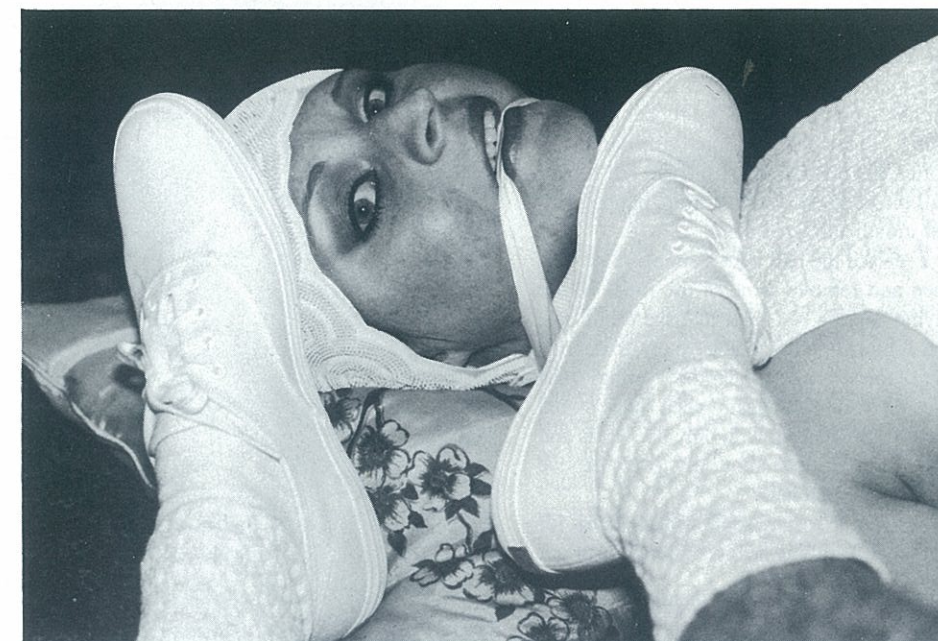
These present photos illustrate perfectly this mysterious connection between lovely womanhood and the bathingcap and sneakers.

Sarah is an extraordinary woman, in every sense of the word. She is very intelligent, very creative and self-possessed, almost totally her own woman. She is the most sensual female I have ever met. Both men and women notice this animal magnetism and are drawn to her. Notice that I said: "almost totally her own woman." For like all of us, she needs to belong, to be possessed too.

These pictures trace one of our cap-and-sneaker love sessions, from the dressing almost to its conclusion. First, we see Sarah getting ready. She already wears a white one-piece swimsuit with white tennis socks and a pair of brand-new white sneakers, and here she is gathering up her long hair for going under that tight rubber cap she is holding in her right hand. Next to her are another pair of new "love shoes." In the next picture, the bathingcap is in place, with only the chin-strap to be done up to secure it for the bondage action that is to follow.

We have now come to the binding and gagging. Sarah's wrists have been bound behind her back and her ankles have been tied together. A tight white rubber gag is fastened in her mouth and knotted at the back of her head. Rather than meant for silencing Sarah, this type of gag allows noise but prevents the forming of actual words. It also frees the mouth for sucking and licking and some freedom for the tongue. But it's tight, and very secure, and Sarah *knows* she is gagged.

Once she is capped and sneakered, bound and gagged, I place the sneakers on her lap that I will soon wear during our lovemaking. These are new white Keds, to my mind the perfect tennis shoe, very feminine, very shiny and sexy. Seeing them there on Sarah's lap is a definite turn-on. Somehow it makes Sarah look more submissive (though she has willingly consented to all this!), and adds a nice dash of humiliation to the proceedings. Sarah becomes a glorified shoe-stand, a receptacle for a pair of lady's white sneakers, so much for bondage furniture.



Then — some shots that I find absolutely erotic. I am already wearing white tennis socks. Now I put on the white sneakers I've been using to torment my captive, and place one new white tennis shoe gently down on to Sarah's gagged mouth. I order her to lick the rubber sole, and her tongue emerges from behind her gag to do so. First one shoe, then the other. It is just amazing to watch that obedience, that sensuality at work.

Finally, the time has come. I release Sarah's ankles, then her hands - briefly, while I remove her bathing suit - and re-tie them, then we go off to finish what we have started. We are both very turned-on, and all that energy has to go somewhere!!!!

*Best Wishes,
Atreus*

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SARAH IN RUBBER

Rubber is beautiful. It is perfect for bondage attire and makes an excellent binding material, very tight and constricting, almost a living substance. Leather, vinyl, PVC and other synthetics certainly have the same charm, but for me a beautiful woman in a



rubber suit, bound and tightly gagged is something apart.

In the past, I have borrowed some items of rubberwear from a friend. I did so again when Sarah indicated her interest in appearing in bondage dressed in it. I let her choose the garments she would try, and was not at all surprised when she selected a black rubber suit and rubber boots. Our first pictures show Sarah holding up the garment she has chosen prior to putting it on for a Saturday evening of bondage and photography and...why deny it?...bondage love.

When Sarah has put on the rubber suit and the boots, I photograph her waiting patiently on a chair, psyching herself up for what is to follow. Love bondage should never be rushed. It is not something you squeeze in. The bondage, ideally, must trigger the right reactions, and some of these don't happen immediately. So, taking some time for sitting and looking and anticipating is a very sensible thing to do. It lets me walk around my rubber-clad lady, visibly admiring her, giving her my undivided attention and my obvious approval. Sarah can see me being deeply affected. My natural and automatic reaction to her makes her quite ready for that crucial next step, quite ready. Before I tie her, I pause to run my hands over her body, delighting in the way the tight shiny rubber clings and stretches and holds. Sarah doesn't move as I do this, but her breathing quickens and she moans lightly, small startled sounds, gasps that show this is as unexpectedly sensual for her as it is for me.

Then I tie her up. Just enough rope for her to pull against with the key points of her body, to let her feel that she is a captive and no longer has any choice in the matter. Ankles, knees, waist, chest and shoulders, each wrist bound separately to the back of the chair: then some pictures of Sarah bound like that, awaiting whatever gag I have got for her. Appropriately, for a rubber prisoner, it is a rubber ball. At long last, Sarah has gotten her first ball-gag - a small red rubber ball threaded on a leather strap, popped into her mouth and fixed there.

I replace the ball with a simple cloth gag, then and remove some of the ropes before giving Sarah a rest - not that she needs one, this is more of a psychological ply, to deprive her of the sensations she is discovering so she will welcome them again when she is re-tied later. Cloth-gagged, with only her wrists and ankles tied, I move about my lovely captive and photograph her.

We rest. We share some wine and chat for a moment, nothing heavy, nothing about our feelings, just easy things.

Then I re-tie her, almost exactly as before, repeating each part of the tying as if it is part

of a known ritual, fastening her wrists in exactly the same way, even duplicating some of my earlier remarks. Sarah realizes what I am doing and smiles. But it is having its effect, a feeling of deja-vu, the feeling of having a second chance at something.



Very interesting too, for now there are subtle differences that I am aware of probably more than Sarah can be. Where before she sat quietly as I bound her, now she moves to meet the ropes, tenses or arches, makes small sounds of complicity in the act of tying. Very real, very natural, very spontaneous. She is participating in the act of tying her yet does not even know it.

When she is all bound up again, I gag her in a special way. I take a strip of white rubber and tie it between her teeth, knotting it very carefully under her long hair at the back of her head. Care is needed here because rubber pinches the hairs on the neck if not careful. But soon it is done, and Sarah has a tight white rubber gag pulling at the corners of her mouth. It looks simply marvelous.

More photography now, moving ever closer, all around Sarah, with comments now and then that are calculated to provoke and tease. Though there is no packing in Sarah's mouth, the rubber gag is so tight that Sarah can barely work her jaws to make coherent sounds. she cannot speak. Every time she begins to do so she has to stop at once. It is too much of an effort.

Now my urgings and remarks become more blatant, more provocative. Using the excuse of taking pictures from different angles, I can lean in close, brush against her smooth rubber-clad form, apply soft pressures as I tell her to look up, look away, glance back at me. The ropes, the very tight gag, all contribute to the effect.

'Come on, sweet, let me see you give in to it!'

Such comments are unnecessary really, but they add to what Sarah is feeling.





Time at last to combine two of my favourite themes: tennis and rubber. Wearing the same red rubber top, Sarah swaps her pants and boots for a short white tennis skirt, white bobby-sox and brand-new white tennis sneakers. She is gagged and posed seated on the old swivel chair before being tied up. I just adore the sheen of the red rubber, the lovely highlights and the contrast of colours -the startling shiny red matched with the skirt, sox and tennis shoes.

The bondage begins. I bind Sarah's wrists together behind her back, kneel down and do her feet, ever mindful of those lovely sandshoes, the angle of her back, the toss of her long hair. Then I bind her body, securing her arms and lacing her breasts while she sits meekly. I swivel her this way and that for different angles, totally blown away by the total effect this rubber-clad tennis player is having on me. I untie Sarah's feet and make her move to the floor, then re-tie them again and take more pictures of her there. I remove the body ropes then, and from some simple floor-shots of Sarah writhing and twisting in tennis bondage, I move on to some pictures of Sarah hogtied and struggling helplessly about.

All in all, what with the session in the rubber suit on the Saturday night and the game of rubber tennis indoors on the Sunday, this has been one lovely weekend for love bondage.





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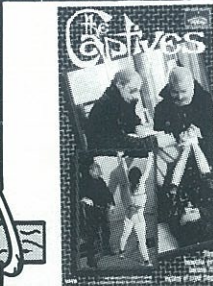
Vicki is a girl in search of her strongest beliefs. The search for Vicki is long and painful. But it is worth it when she finds a naked man at the receiving end paying homage to her. See how Vicki becomes a dominatrix in "I Want To Be A Mistress".



Here are two of the rarest of the rare films featuring BETTY PAGE as captured and photographed by the late great IRVING KLAW. Due to the authenticity of these films they are available in black & white only.



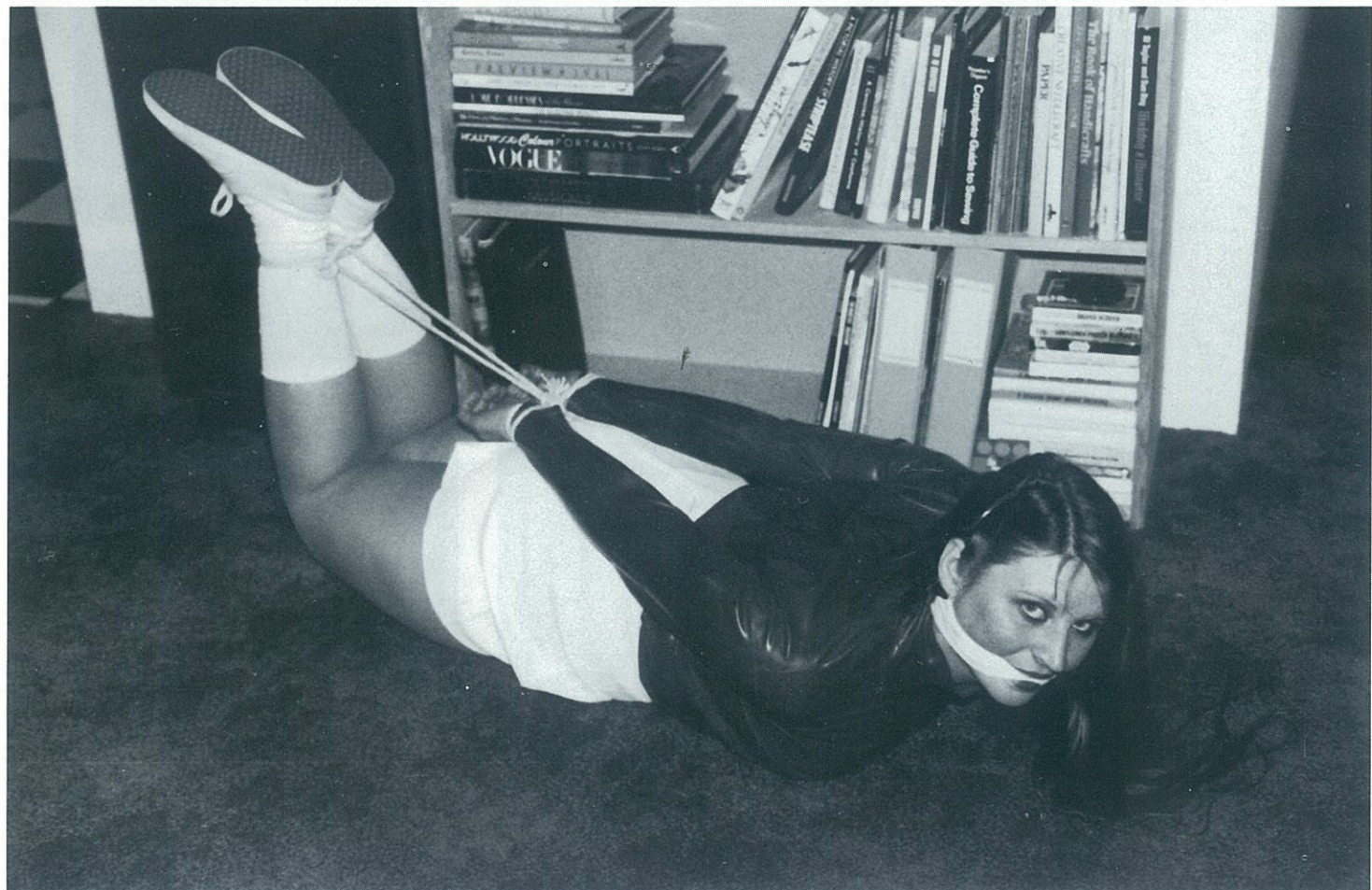
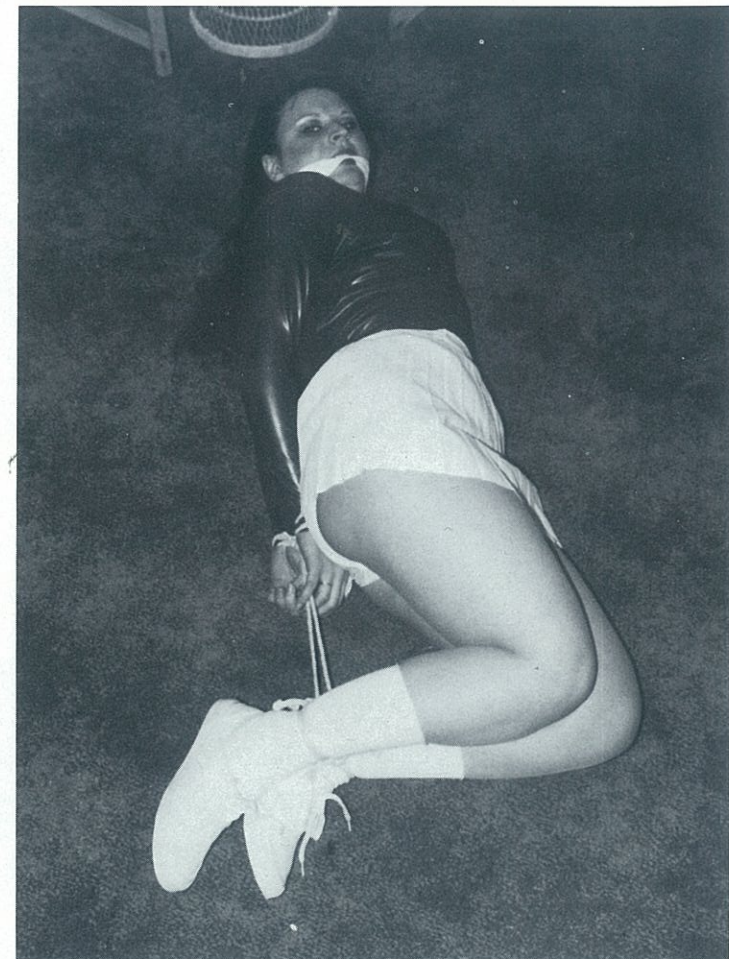
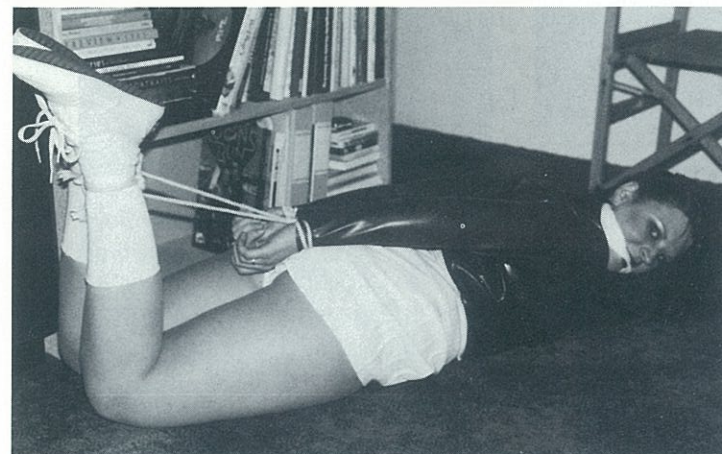
Cynthia is a girl who has dreams of being bound & gagged and subject to Sado-masochistic treatment. Due to her dreams Cynthia seeks out the care of a psychiatrist who turns out to be master of SM. This film shot in part on location in London.



Two thieves burglarize a wealthy man's house but find the wife, sister and domestic help at home. When the jewels cannot be found, but a specially furnished room is

discovered, the thieves take out their anger on the two ladies. The two ladies are bound, gagged and severely beaten until they reveal the whereabouts of the jewels. In the end, however, the thieves obtain a reward that is infinitely more precious than jewels.

While searching for his brother, Mack Slammer scours in the NYC Bizarre Underground. The consequences of his adventure include torture, humiliation, and an encounter with Mistress Supreme. Mack finally is able to locate his brother, and together they are subjected to the trials and tribulations that can only be inflicted by a Mistress that is well versed on the "ins and outs" of true domination.



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Next up, Sarah tries on a red rubber top with pants and boots and a wide leather belt. A cloth-gag is tied in place, Sarah's wrists are bound tightly to her thighs (teasingly close but not quite a crotch-rope), and her arms are drawn back and securely bound to provide that extra tension and lift those smooth latex-covered breasts. With her hands like that and those tight ropes about her thighs, this becomes a most teasing and exasperating bondage, allowing free movement, walking and sitting, but always close to being something more, always reminding her that those ropes are there, exerting pressure, gripping her close to that very private place. Great for hiding under a cape and going out for a nice afternoon stroll and impossible to get out of.



An Open Letter to Roy and Jean (and our other Harmony friends)

Dear Roy & Jean,

I guess imitation *is* the sincerest form of flattery, and I know it's probably the best way of saying thank you for the lovely photographs you've been sending in to grace the pages of Bondage Life and Bondage Parade.

At one of our most recent photo sessions, Sarah and I decided that it would be fitting and fun to do a "Roy and Jean," and send along some pictures of Sarah bound and gagged more or less as Jean is in those shots run by Harmony. For the occasion, Sarah put on a plain white shirt with black briefs and black net stockings. Then she pulled on her shiny black rubber riding boots and some soft black latex gloves. She sat down on the sofa while I began the slow and painstaking task of tying her up. First I did her lovely booted ankles, her boots squeaking marvelously as I passed the white rope between them to cinch her bonds there. I wound the rope up her smooth booted legs, crossing it over her calves so the white cord contrasted beautifully with the black rubber, then looped it tightly around just under her knees, bringing it up once more over her knees so her thighs were roped together as well. With her legs thoroughly done like this, I used the rest of the cord to tie Sarah's wrists in front, so they were fixed down onto her knees. A very secure job all round. But to make sure there would be no doubts in my lady's mind, I passed some loops of cord tightly around Sarah's body, pinning her arms in against her sides and squeezing her breasts nicely against her white shirt.

All that remained was to gag my captive. For this, I had a folded orange scarf made of silk, and after taking one or two photographs of my scantily-clad horsewoman, I tied this very tightly around her mouth. It looked sensational, very sleek and shiny.

Then I began to explore my prisoner, taking shots of her from many different angles while she tossed her head, flexed her tightly bound wrists and moved her bound legs, squeaking her rubber riding boots whenever she did so I might add because she knew just what effect this would have on me. Sarah and I often dress alike when we are taking photographs, and I was outfitted very much as she was — a white shirt, tight jeans, high black rubber riding boots like hers. This not only helps with the fantasy angle, the kind of sharing I'm sure both you, Roy, and you, Jean, understand completely, but also allows me to identify with what my captive is feeling. In a way, I can be her in some remote fashion, and explore some aspect of a passive feminine alter-ego that I probably have



through the sensations of similar clothing. Whatever it is, it's a rather delicate and treasured experience. At times, I even move in and embrace my bound accomplice (and isn't that a nice term for it?), pressing my body up against her bound one, kissing her gagged mouth, feeling her roped breasts against my chest as we stand close, rubbing our boots together.

Then, as she reclines on the sofa, fully trussed and gagged, I run my hands over her body. She moans softly into her tight silk gag; her blue eyes are very wide above it as she moves her body slightly under my exploring hands. This is absolutely Love Bondage; bondage as foreplay and *communication*! Unspoken communication.

In those reclining shots you see, where Sarah's booted feet are up on the sofa, I asked her to move about, to slowly arch and turn and shift in those restricting ropes — a sort of Lovers' Dance, if you like, while I goaded her.





"Come on, Sarah! Show Roy and Jean what you're feeling! That's it. (click!) Do it for Roy! Great. Just great. (click!) Do it for Jean! Show them another booted beauty in loving distress. (click!) Go on. Imagine they are here now, Sarah! Imagine Roy and Jean sitting right here and watching you. Imagine Jean sitting across from you all booted, bound and gagged while Roy and I take pictures of you both. (click!) That's the girl! Think of you both sitting side by side; Sarah and Jean, bound back to back! (click!)..."

That's how it went anyway, we hope you don't mind. We had great fun and it was very exciting for us both.



ABOUT BONDAGE PARADE:

This magazine is truly "Bondage Life" without "Tielines" and "Bound for Hollywood." So if "Bondage Life" is a must for you, then so is "Bondage Parade," the magazine that is almost completely "By The People" and conveys a sense of how everyone else feels about bondage (and how everyone else looks in bondage). Probably the second finest bondage publication in the world today.



In the last photos, Sarah gets to pose in some teasing telephone shots, so so close to calling for help, but so far from any hope of doing so. Tch! tch! Poor damsel!

Our last pictures show my beautiful riding-booted lady with her gag pulled down round her neck, giving some very emotion-filled looks to camera. It was quite a session.

So Roy and Jean, see what you've done! Since you dress Jean in a white tennis shirt from time to time, Roy, you might reciprocate sometime and show us your lovely partner in the rest of her tennis outfit - a white skirt, white socks and white tennis shoes. We'd just love to see her that way, even if it's just a once-only. And if you do that, you might let us see her in a bathing cap also.



But it's not my purpose to chivvy or cajole. Sarah and I love wearing different outfits for our adventures, assuming different roles and personas, and we've discovered that most of us - in spite of our very definite interests and preferences - enjoy an unexpected change. Taking these pictures was so easy, we love riding boots and clinging outfits so, and maybe a "tennis" session or two would hold some pleasant surprises for you as well.

In the meantime, to both of you and to all our Harmony friends out there, our best wishes. Keep up the good - strike that! - the great work!

*Your Friends in Bondage,
Atreus and Sarah.*



Sarah and I are preoccupied with beauty — with the many forms it can take and how unexpected it sometimes is.

We are especially fascinated with the narrow line between what is beautiful and what is grotesque, and how often so many of us feel an incredible fascination with something that might be normally regarded as unbeautiful, even ugly. Some of these “ugly” things can have a stunning impact and defy explanation. Whatever the appeal, they grab our attention and hold it and remain in our thoughts for a long time afterwards. Who can say why?

The pictures opposite explore this realm of the fascinating grotesque to an extent, relating the bizarre to the beautiful.

I had made Sarah a special gag — a soft rubber cup pierced by a rubber mouthpiece and tube from a snorkel, to be held tightly about the head by rubber straps. To an extent, it resembled those curious rubber facemasks sometimes seen in German fetish publications, though for our purposes it was an elaborate gag-mask, complete with a breathing tube in the manner of the traditional hole-gag.

To try it out, we decided to go a step further in pushing back the frontiers of what is beautiful and what is bizarre. Sarah put on a special rubber outfit, a suitably kinky collection of rubber garments to offset the gag-mask: a black latex longline bra, a latex rubber skirt, rubber stockings and black glossy rubber wellingtons, our favorite Dunlop pair. Long red rubber gloves were drawn up her arms, then some ordinary household dishwashing gloves of a striking yellow rubber. Finally, she put on a bathing-cap to hide her long hair away.

Next came the gag. I fitted the soft black rubber cup over her bathing-capped head so it came down over the mouth, covering nose and chin, and so the rubber mouthpiece had to be taken into her mouth. Making sure the mask was snug and that Sarah could breathe easily enough, I then tightened the rubber straps, pulling the mask and tube firmly in against Sarah's face. A later picture shows the finished effect and the striking contrast of beauty with grotesquerie. We find it absolutely intriguing; odd but exciting at the same time, a set of contradictions.

With the rubber straps tightened, Sarah could not dislodge the tube from her mouth. She could mumble down the tube but not form any words. I made Sarah explore her body, rubbing herself and running those striking yellow-gloved hands over her breasts while she moaned through her gag. It was deliciously abandoned, moreso because (I was told afterwards) Sarah felt she was no longer some conventionally dressed lady, with all the expected manners and decorum, but was some blatantly sexual fetish-creature, able to indulge in animal desires.



Next I had Sarah compose herself for being tied. I roped her up with her wrists fastened in front to her knees and her arms and legs and shiny booted feet all lashed with cord. She wasn't going anywhere in a hurry.

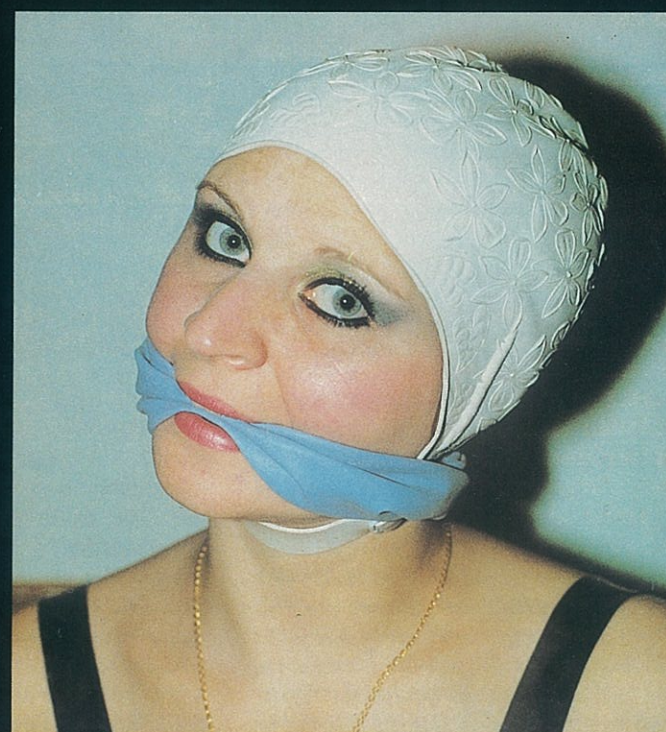
After watching her squirm and struggle

for twenty minutes, I took off the rubber mask so I could give her something to drink and steal a few kisses before re-gagging her with some folded blue rubber. This gave a much more conventional appearance to my captive and I took several photos (I just can't help myself when Sarah looks at me like

that!)

We feel our little experiment in aesthetics was interesting to say the least; and a success where we are concerned. We are very interested to hear what our fellow Harmonizers think!

Aireus and Sarah



SARAH'S BONDAGE DIARY

To ATREUS and to Bound Love,
from SARAH, with the Exquisite Exultation that we both pursue.

Atreus suggests we reproduce the costuming and a couple of the positions illustrated by PDH in *Bondage Life* Number Fourteen.

Time is a factor though. As Atreus stands me, gently tempting, I consider quickly. We're both due elsewhere, and have exactly an hour and a half of precious time.

Such Precious Time.

He helps me dress, tucking my hair up under the rubber cap and fastening the steel buttons on my corset. Corsets are difficult to manage on your own, and once in place, bending becomes an impossibility. I realize that I should have thought of that before.

Atreus smiles faintly at my oversight and helps me to carefully sit. He takes each foot in turn, first fitting the boot then zipping it up the leg. I find this quite sensuous. An attendant is intimate luxury enough, but I get a special pleasure from having someone either fit, or remove my footwear. I really do.

It's hard to describe how I feel before we begin. I'm really being quite brave. I am suspending my own inhibitions and beauty judgements of myself, and putting my trust in Atreus'. This is a difficult thing to do.

A bathingcap, for instance, always makes me feel strangely naked and defensively shy. To take my long hair and tuck it severely away is also to take a certain part of my confidence away. I'm used to having hair about my face, I depend on it. Even when I style my hair 'up', I always leave tendrils, and with a cap in the past, I have always left a fringe.

In fact, it took a fair amount of self-persuasion to wear the first bathing cap. Perhaps you can understand a little of what I'm experiencing now. Every trace of hair that can be, is pushed beneath the rubber constrainer. It's an oblique stripping of dignity for me.

Seated on the swivel chair in the kitchen, Atreus begins to tie my body. Gentle sweeps of erotic thrill touch me as his face brushes my skin. He leans close, reaching around and securing the knots. His body scent is familiar. Pleasurable and so tantalizingly close. Producing the folded handkerchief, he holds it before my mouth —

"Now; Open..."

The gag is placed and passed round to tie behind the head. My face is pressed to his chest as it's tied.

I feel exposed, small. I want to be hugged, to be petted. The emotions plead within my eyes, and focus on Atreus.

"Look at you...Look at you..." he whispers. "You're so beautiful."

He takes his camera but hesitates, visually drinking more. When his eyes finally meet mine they have that expression of amused sexual promise that flirting lovers have. As he continues to stare, the expression dissolves into pure desire and he mouths a gentle kiss to me. It says absolutely everything. The photographic celebration begins.

My breathing by necessity has become shallow. The corset is pressing on my ribs and lungs, most particularly because of the awkward position I am seated in. I am unable to shift my weight or reposition myself in any way. All the bonds, especially those at the elbow, are tight. The feeling of helplessness is greatly accentuated when, for a new photographic angle, Atreus swivels the chair left or right. This is the first time I have been completely unable to move. I can look at Atreus, or away from him, nothing more.

Atreus pauses from the camera and eyes me speculatively. He approaches, and pulling me forward, slides me off the chair to stand upright. A couple of photographs are taken, but I find, perhaps due to an insufficient standing base — I don't know — I have become a little dizzy, and am unable to steady myself. Supporting hands encircle my waist.

"Do you need to stop?"

I shake my head. I know I'm alright. I can't stop now — I don't want to stop now. My repeated urges convince him.

"We'll use the lounge, then. I'll carry you."

Inwardly, I groan. I shake my head and make a gesture towards my ankles. *I hate getting carried!* The fact is, I am very heavy, and I am very conscious of it. I don't want to be carried. And that's that.

"Untie my ankles," I muffle.

Atreus knows I hate it.

"No," he says firmly, and taking my weight from the floor, he moves me to the

lounge. I cannot even argue.

Still lacking balance and co-ordination, I find I cannot help to position my body. So Atreus does it all for me. Like a rag doll he moves my limbs, placing cushions to ease the pressure points. This is so total. I feel like I'm in very deep water. Definitely beyond control. I have a sense of the bizarre happening.

Atreus is very gentle now, he runs his hands along my body, telling me that I look extraordinarily beautiful. Amazingly wonderful. His fingers trail into soft crevices and he caresses lightly. I close my eyes. I can't help but respond. Kissing my breast, he draws level with my face and asks if I'll be alright for a little while longer. I give a very slight nod.

I am about to do something else I have never done before. Have the ball end of a dildo taped into my mouth. As I have never even worn a ball gag, I don't know quite what to expect. Emotionally, it's an as yet unanswered question.

Atreus removes the cloth, and places the dildo to my lips. It's large, and fills my mouth entirely. It feels like a violation in itself, stretching the jaw muscles open enough to accept it. I move my tongue behind it. Experimentally, I bite down on to it.

Now in place, Atreus stops to study the effect. His eyes question mine. I don't think I like it, but it's not giving me a bad reaction. It's not making me retch or anything, so I nod. Atreus gives me a very slight smile and traces a finger along my jawline. A light touch, but it reassures me. He tapes the dildo in place, and picking up the camera once again, resumes the photography.

How can I express my feelings now? It's a combination of pleasure and displeasure. I am aware that my hands and forearms are numb. Breathing is quite difficult. The ropes on my elbows really hurt. Yet I have this strange lack of will. A complacency, a willingness to stay as I am.

And then Atreus comes to me. He takes the dildo carefully from my mouth and removes the cap to let my hair fall across the cushion. He strokes it sensuously, letting my fingers run down to the binds, which he first loosens, then unties. He cradles me in his arms. He tells me how

An afternoon study of Sarah reading *Bondage Life* 14's "Tielines" column.



extraordinary I am. He kisses my marked wrists and placing my feet to the floor, eases me up to a sitting position. Pulling me to my feet, I realize I still have a strange loss of equilibrium, so Atreus just holds me tightly, my face tucked in towards him, for a while. He throws a robe about my shoulders, and takes the corset from my body.

I feel...fulfilled? I don't know if that's quite what I mean. I still have that feeling of the bizarre. And that something impor-

tant has happened, but I don't know what it is yet. But it will make itself known to me. I am so affected that I feel out-of-phase with myself.

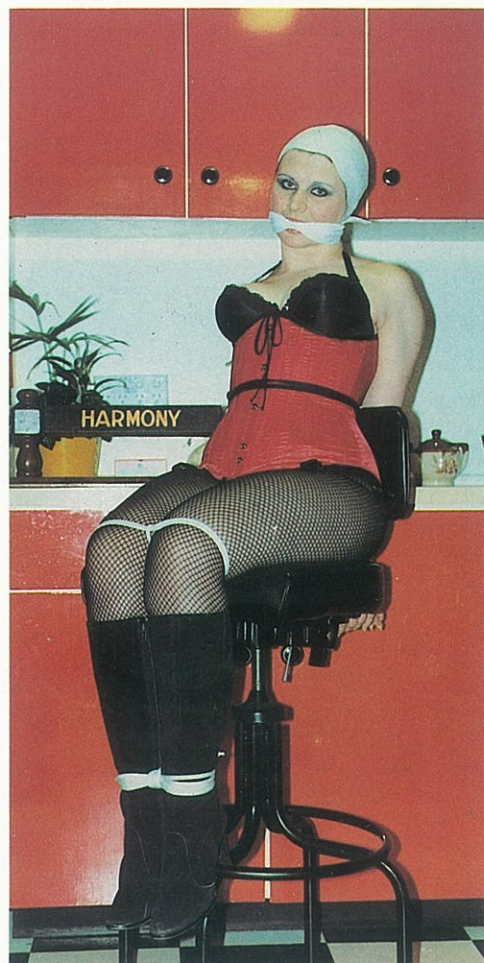
Alone in bed, I have trouble sleeping. When I do, I dream of bondage and waken aroused. It's a long, lonely night filled with wanting visions...

Visions of ringed fingers almost touching my body, and as I arch towards them, I wake again, unfulfilled. I want them badly. Tonight I need him so, so much. Tingling

hot and restless in semi-sleep, I dream his face. He's going to tell me something imperatively important, but as he's about to speak I rise to consciousness.

Raw desire stops me from sleeping again. He's burnt my soul this night. A scar I shall carry for always.

While for now, I lie here, nursing my need. The frustration is a sweet pain that I am unable to assuage. My temperature has risen. I am acutely burning for, aching for — the man called Atreus.



Sarah fully bound and cloth-gagged on her chair, recalling Holly and Miss Whipple in her corset and rubber cap and high boots.



Various poses of Sarah, including a lingering close-up of her feeling v-e-r-y helpless and most vulnerable.



The captive damsel must stand for all to see, unable to resist, totally unable to express her feelings with more than a look. Not even a defiant toss of her long hair is available to her now with that bathingcap doing its worst... Alas! Poor Sarah!



Next, she is lying on the sofa, cloth-gagged, exploring her helplessness from within, totally a prisoner, having those delectable thoughts later brought to vivid life in her diary.

Dear Robert Harmon,

I suppose it's inevitable that a little horse-trading of sorts goes on in the pages of *Bondage Life*. I mean, where else are we fellow Harmonizers going to negotiate? It is our forum, our meeting-ground, our mutual refuge.

So, here I am sending in some quite special pictures of Sarah which bring to life some of those "Fantasies" illustrated so beautifully by "PDH" and shown on pages 46-47 of *Bondage Life* 14 — notably a combination of #2 and #3 and a blending of #5 and #8. I'm sure PDH will overlook the variations from exact detail and enjoy our pictures for the elements they do possess that correspond with his delightful visions.

The very first picture, taken during the afternoon of the day on which the next pictures were done, shows Sarah looking through BL 14. Being an artist herself — and an excellent bondage artist I must add! — she noted PDH's drawings with interest, and it was inevitable that we discuss bringing some of these scenes to life. We let the idea percolate through our minds for the rest of the afternoon, then in the evening we set to work re-creating them. You can see the result.

In the following pictures, Sarah combines the characters of Holly and Miss Whipple, posing on her chair in a snugly-laced corset, high leather boots, with a tight rubber bathingcap imprisoning her hair. Please do note the strictness of the bondage in these shots — ropes are cinched and tightly tied; that white cloth gag is very tight. You can see from Sarah's various expressions that she feels exactly as PDH's helpless females must feel.

Sarah could not move on her chair. She had to put up with me turning her this way and that for my different shots; only the positioning of her head was in her control. In the standing poses, we had to be very careful lest she overbalance and fall.

Continuing with our plan, Sarah on the next pages recalls those drawings of Paula and Holly somewhat, especially with that big dildo taped into her mouth as that penis-gag in Fantasy #5. It's worth noting that afterwards Sarah said how it all felt most *bizarre*.

When I quizzed her on this, just a little alarmed by what she might mean, I discovered that it was a most positive reaction, and that for Sarah a crossover point had been reached. As far as the bondage was concerned, this is the most stringently-bound and downright uncomfortable Sarah has ever been. Her limbs were numb from being tied, and the ball-end of the dildo thrust into her mouth was so large that it soon made her jaws ache. You haven't seen Sarah wearing a ball-gag yet because she has difficulty taking a ball into her mouth and keeping it there with her jaws distended. The ball-end of the dildo-gag was as large as any ball-gag I



would use, though the shaft itself was much smaller. So really it was just a matter of Sarah getting her mouth wide enough to get the ball-end between her teeth, then closing her teeth about the shaft. Believe me when I say that it was hardly necessary to tape the dildo in place. It would have been an effort for her to dislodge it without assistance. Let me hasten to add that I did not leave this gag in for very long, and I certainly did not leave her alone for a minute.

The marvelous outcome of all this, as I say, was that Sarah reached a crossover point — a stage where the bondage had a uniquely transforming effect. So deeply moving was this whole experience for Sarah, that she

began a Bondage Diary in which she has detailed her feelings and thoughts from that evening. I have enclosed a photocopy of her own words. The important thing as I see it from her words is that the various "negatives" of her situation — the rubber cap, the tight ropes, the mouth-filling gag — all led to a "positive" result in every way. This was a gamble on my part, though the risk was more than worth it.

So, now to the horse-trading! Perhaps, PDH, if you enjoy this enactment of your Fantasies by Sarah, you might reciprocate by doing one or two drawings in which your marvelous fantasy ladies are wearing plain white sneakers instead of boots and your

favoured saddle-shoes. You might even go so far as to empower Mr. Harmon to pass such a drawing(s) on to me as a gift! In return (gee this is fun!), Sarah and I will do our best to bring more of your Fantasies to life! Let's see what develops.

To finish off, let me add a word of heartfelt thanks and enthusiasm for your Indiana contributor as well, whose bathingcap illustrations appeared on page 49. I hope that these pictures of Sarah on PDH's themes please that worthy gentleman as well *and* may induce him to write a nice long letter to go with his pictures at long last. Please, both of you, keep up the excellent work. I am an avid fan.

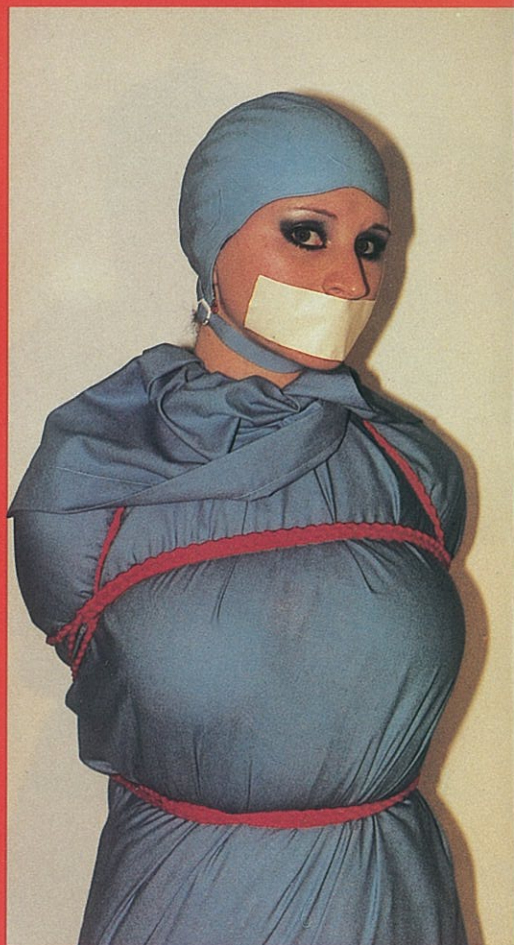
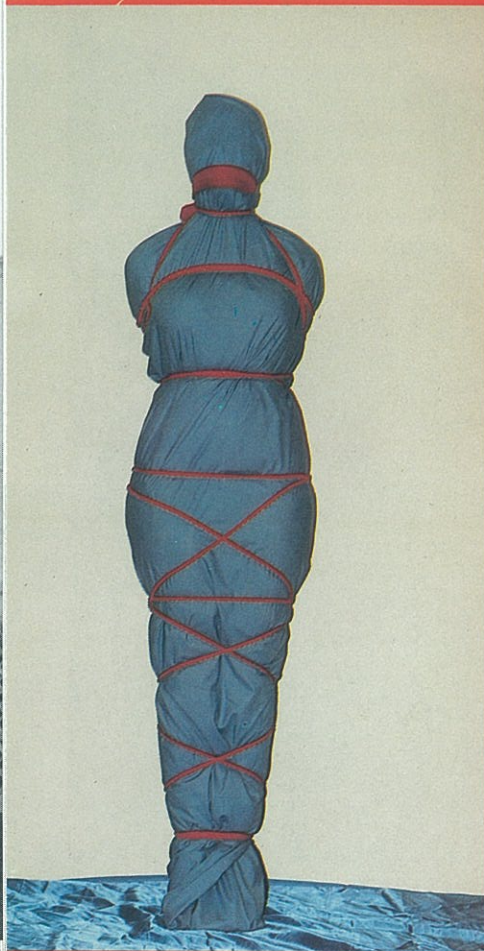


The terrible gag is out, the awful dildo gone. Gone too is the tight rubber cap. Her hair falls free once more. Once again she appears the conventional beauty; no more crises of self-image and doubts about her appearance. Her bondage diminishes till only her wrists are tied, then these bonds too are gone and she is....free? Well, who can say?

ABOUT BONDAGE PHOTO TREASURES:

The Harmony magazine that moves forward by presenting contemporary bondage pictures while keeping an eye on the past (for those who may have missed something especially tasty back in the long-ago). A truly interesting and moody magazine designed especially for bondage collectors who need to have seen it all.





How mysterious, how exciting it is to see a fully-shrouded figure. Who? — What is underneath, hidden away, occluded? There is only the vaguely human form, gift-wrapped, tantalizing.

The mystery of the concealed figure has always fascinated us. Those old horror movies in which mummies stalked about or lay in their gilded sarcophagi held us spellbound. Egypt! The land of Bondage! With bandaged forms, shrouded shapes, legendary women like Cleopatra and Nefertiti. It makes you wonder how many ancient Egyptians got round to playing Pharaohs and Mummies with the linen supply ("just another five hundred yards, dear").

So here is Sarah as a wonderful surprise package — delivered to our doorstep, left there to be unwrapped — but slowly! The first picture shows the marvelously mysterious shape, swathed and bound: more exciting for us because we *know* there is going to be still more binding under all that. Turn after turn of blue fabric gathered close, tied with red cords plaited by Sarah herself as a bondage gift. She's very snug inside there, almost totally occluded, feeling held and owned, wanted. Tied across the "face" of the figure is a matching red chiffon scarf, pulled in tight and knotted behind; a nicely symbolic gag to go with all that red cording.

So let's untie our mummy. Let's see what's underneath; expose the helpless captive. First, off comes the red gag. It makes no apparent difference, so we can assume that our lady slave is gagged in other ways. Then the fabric is pulled away from the figure's head — to reveal Sarah's lovely face. We see that a red rubber bathingcap covers her head, and that she's gagged with a wide folded strip of blue rubber. The red and the blue theme continues then, framing those richly expressive eyes.

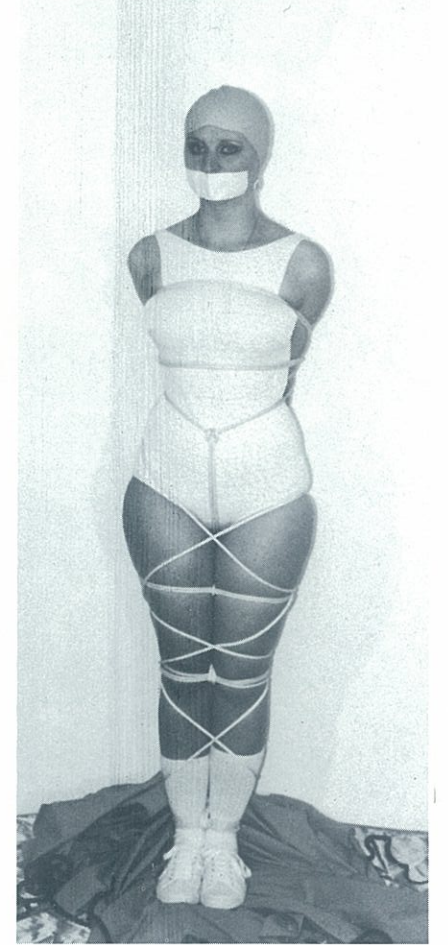
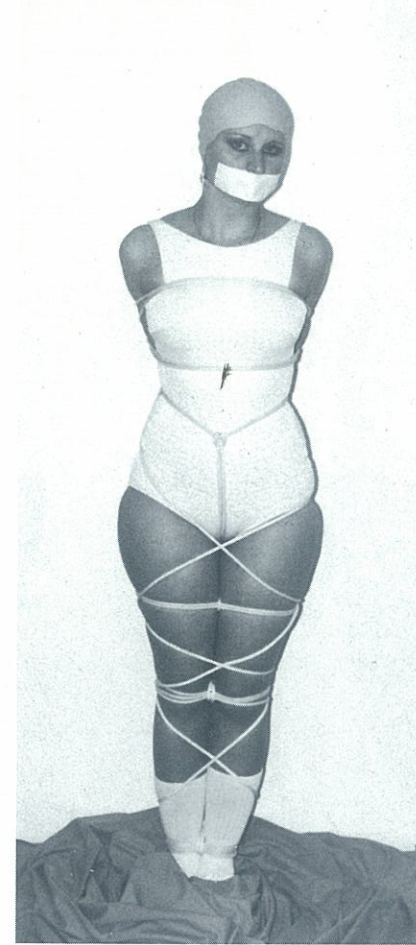
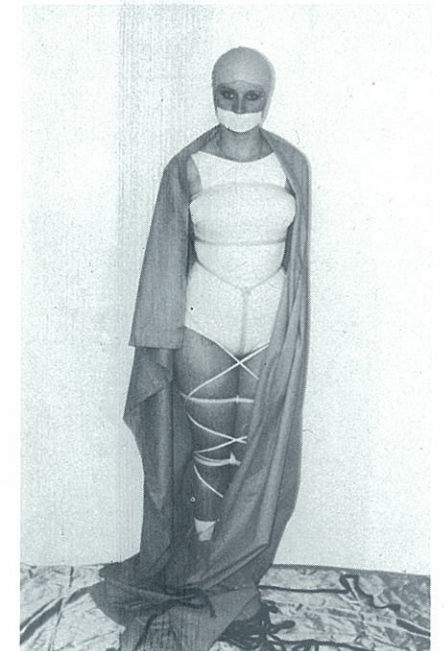
Next, it's off with the blue rubber gag, and then the red swimming cap, to expose...yes, the same thing in reverse: a blue swimcap worn underneath the red one, and a very tight strip of shiny red latex rubber over Sarah's mouth! Just how far can this go? Off comes the tight membrane of red rubber — and white adhesive tape is revealed; a nice wide piece sealing Sarah's mouth shut.

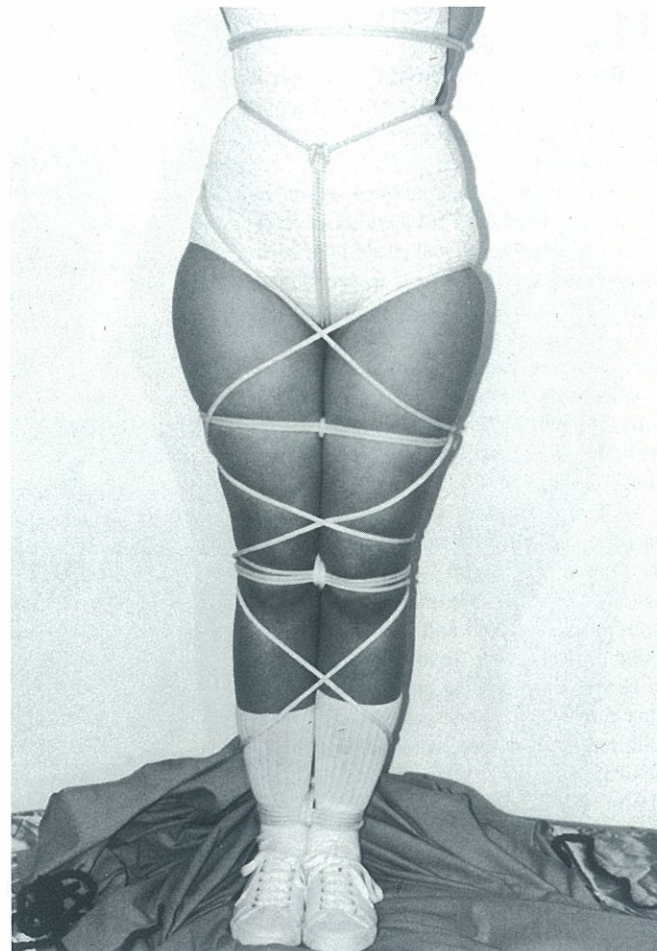
This is like unwrapping a mummy in fact! Layer after layer. Though instead of removing funeral masks and layers of bandages, it's bathingcaps and gagging.

But now it's time to see what's under the rest of the fabric, to expose Sarah's body and see just how she's dressed, and if she's tied under all that. So off come the red plaited bindings of our captive. The blue wrapping loosens and starts to fall away. We see flesh-tones and a flash of white. Of course a white swimsuit! And more cords! Yes, Sarah is fully tied under there. We knew it all along. Bit by bit the fabric falls away, finally drop-



ping from her shoulders in a classically simple action. Like Aphrodite rising from the waves now, a feminine figure emerges from all that blue, a fully-bound woman still in her blue cap, with her white swimsuit, short sports socks and white tennis shoes — and lots of rope! Rope criss-crossed and cinched and wound round and round. Crotch-rope too, pulling into that tender place; another reason for her to keep silent, to stand absolutely still.



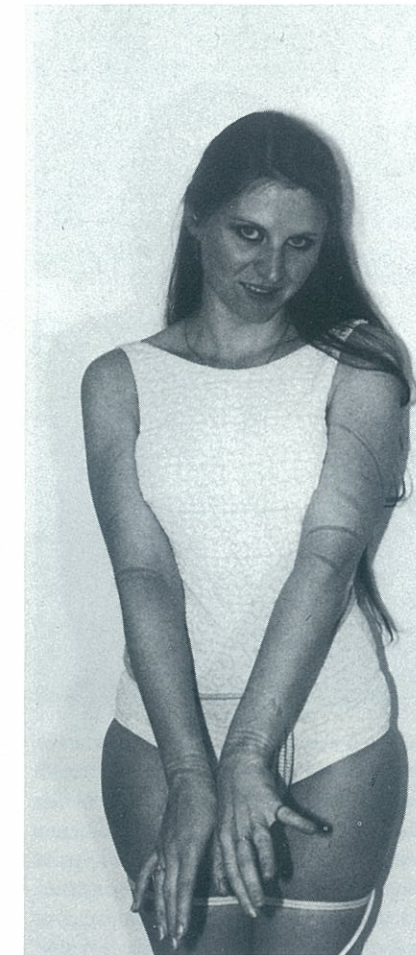
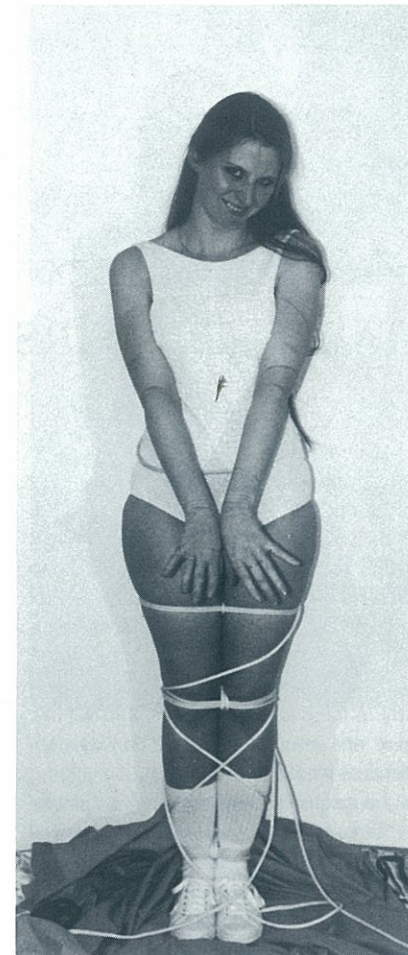
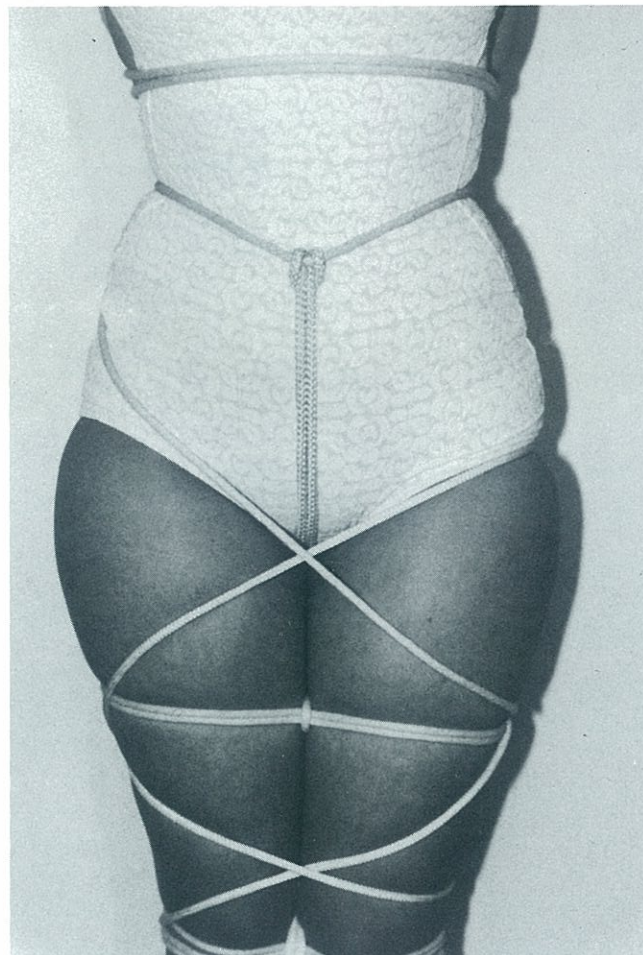
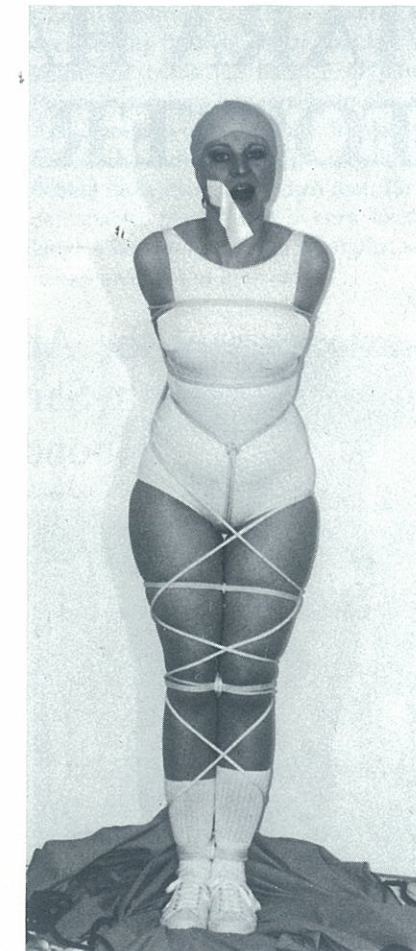
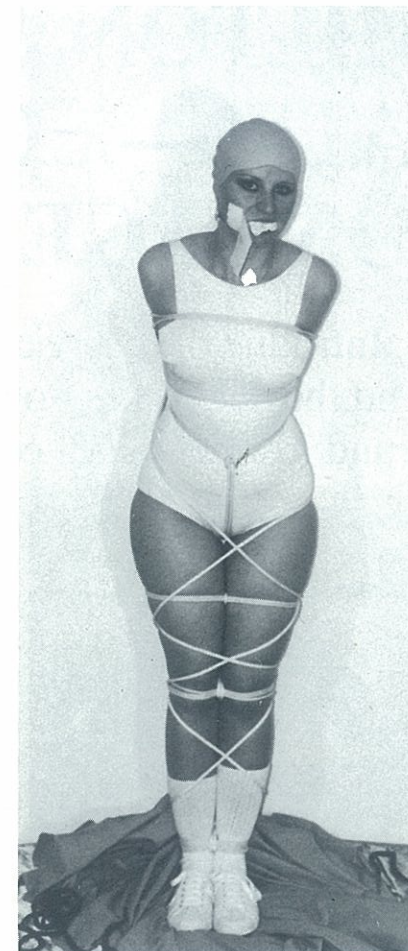


Then, when our prize is unwrapped, off comes the tape to reveal folded white rubber stuffed into Sarah's mouth; and when that is removed, the final stage of the gagging appears — a small red rubber ball. At last, Sarah can speak.

"Whew!" she says. "I'll be glad to get this cap off."

And off it comes, unstrapped and peeled back and away, freeing Sarah's long hair to cascade down round her shoulders. Off too come the ropes, to show the red marks of a very thorough bondage "ordeal."

Atreus



TARA HAMILTON & SARAH FOSTER TATE — JOINED IN BONDAGE!

(An extension of the Atreus Introductory Service which began in SFT #1 when Atreus brought Sarah and the delectable Robyn Ann Mason together in bondage and *kissage* in full color!)



SARAH & TARA—THE FIRST TIME:

I'm always a little nervous about letting the different ladies in my life meet one another. There are so many levels involved, so many ways for things to go wrong.

For a start, we all like to think we can cope, and actually resist the idea that we can't. So when Tara visited one spring afternoon recently and saw the first SARAH FOSTER TATE magazine, then said: "I'd love to meet her," I had to think about it very carefully. No one needs aggravation in their most precious and fragile levels of experience, and here I was thinking not for one but for three people. A wrong decision about this could put a strain not only on the different relationships involved, but on our ideas of coping. How often do we have fantasies, vivid, detailed fantasies, but cannot live up to them?

I was faced with a dilemma. Sarah and Tara meeting? I could jeopardize the ease and naturalness of two important one-to-one relationships. These girls are not models, you see? It's not a matter of paying a somewhat detached professional to share an afternoon or evening now and then. I don't see Tara all that often, and when I do, it's invariably for long languorous discussions about sensuality and life, or for bondage. I see Sarah constantly in these wonderful days, and we like to give one another as many bondage adventures as we can.

So, in a sense, I "owed" Sarah a meeting with Tara, and vice versa. What I owed myself and Harmony is a real factor too, but first and foremost it is fun and adventure and the absolute excitement of discovering more about the mystery of ourselves and Love

Bondage.

So, while Tara was flicking through the pages of Sarah's debut magazine, I went out and phoned that special lady herself. Yes, she was free that afternoon (she said this in a surprised voice; she had known Tara was visiting and hadn't expected to see me until evening). Yes, she still did want to meet Tara.

And that's how it happened. When Tara and I were in the car, with Tara driving, she said: "Look in the bag down there!" I noted that distinctive smile and did so, and found the lovely silken lingerie she had brought with her — for what had been intended as a casual visit. Oh, the depths, the scheming, dreaming depths we all have.

"That's great!" I told her. "Because look!" And I opened my own bag and showed her my camera and coils of rope. And we grin-

ned all the way to Sarah's apartment.

Sarah and Tara greeted one another fondly, each having known about the other for so long and wanting to make a good impression. Both were easy and charming, and I kept up a patter of conversation to play down the obvious thoughts we all were having, to deflect the unspoken question: Would we do it together? But then it came time for that sort of directness, and I said: "Let's go back to my place and take some pictures of this momentous day?" The girls laughed, both seeing this predicament from viewpoints as involved, provoked, mystified and calculating as my own. The magic of the situation had us all: what would it be like? Would it work as much as we each singly wanted it to? Would the parts come together to form a gestalt of experience?

That drive over the bridge to my home on such a fine warm afternoon was a nerve-tingling experience for all of us. The smiles and chatter concealed knotted stomachs and a distinct edge of anticipation that crackled there constantly.

We arrived, and in that fetching and wonderful businesslike way women have, they set about helping one another dress. I left them to that; they had to be alone and I had arrangements to make. I heard their happy voices and laughter from the main bedroom and smiled to myself as I laid out the rope, hoping, hoping, hoping that all would be well, and that the individual magic of these beautiful women would blend into an equally special magic together.

Finally they appeared, and the looks on their faces and the brilliant smiles of complicity and simple fun reassured me. They were both excited and radiant; and I knew with every bit of intuition I had that this would be all we had hoped.

We began, easily and naturally, with the girls leafing through Sarah's magazine together. I kept photographing them, wanting to capture the sheer glamor and radiance of it all. So many honest, unleashed emotions were building there: they were mischievous, playful, coquettish, coy, becoming more and more aware of their own engaged femininity. An inexorable magnetism could be felt, they were conspirators in helping to arrange this consummation.

First, there was the gagging. Tara took a white handkerchief and fastened it between Sarah's teeth, knotting it at the back of her head. Then it was Sarah's turn. She reached over and gagged Tara. Both women are very very oral; it's a key to unlocking still more of their sensuality. The gags did exactly that. Then I bound their wrists and arms, "posing" them all the while, capturing the incredible images I was seeing.

What made it all the more exhilarating, was that the girls each knew how the other was feeling. Bondage matters for Tara, and it



"Tara Hamilton. Statuesque, assured and occasionally flashing a gaze that lets you know she holds the balance of power. Power is a compelling quality to observe. And should you challenge it, you are launched headlong into the intelligence behind those eyes. More than that, Tara is personable, playful and a very likeable lady. A lady with definite strengths, softnesses and a lot of humour."

SFT



matters for Sarah. Whatever the reason, bondage triggers an explosion of eroticism beyond description here. The pictures have it. Being there was a pocket nirvana for all of us! So much preening and delight; so much powerful emotion made safely hidden by tight white gags, held close by knotted cords and bound bodies. But the magic poured

from their eyes, shone forth in a radiance. Their positions, the arched backs, the tethered and trussed limbs, the angles and shapes of compliance and willing submission: that is what is important here. The words said afterwards just helped us to live with it, to be comfortable and easy. What you see here is stark and vital and totally exposed.



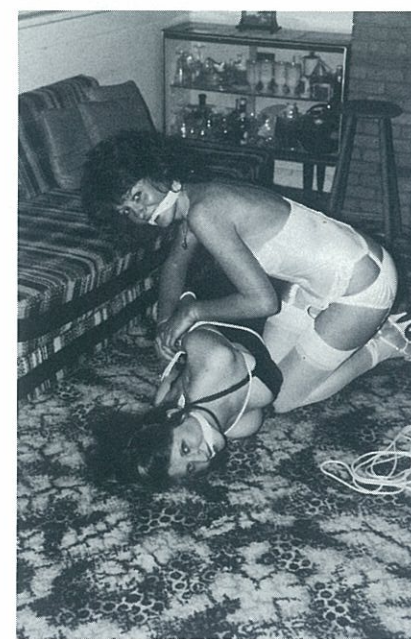
"Tara and I could have had a very different reaction to each other. We could have regarded each other as rivals, but too much of our separate natures are common. We have a lot of fun just being together, let alone being together in bondage."

SFT



"I do think that being a woman — and so physically close to Tara, I draw out a lot of Tara's softer responses. There is action and reaction between us. We laugh a lot when we are being photographed together, and we play, not only to Atreus, but to each other. It became a very intimate three way game. Good-natured and often quite light-hearted. Tara gives me a feeling of identification — of sameness — there's something in her that I feel I understand and have a kinship to. Physically, we could almost be called opposites. My flowing renaissance to Tara's tall, lean presence. But at the heart of us both, I feel there is a certain kind of unity. There isn't a lot for me to say yet. This might be just the beginning."

SFT



Dear Harmony:

I am writing to you for the first time. I purchased a number of your publications in the past, but was unable for awhile to obtain them from a magazine dealer where I was located. Now I am in South Carolina and able to purchase them at a reputable dealer in Columbia.

I just picked up Number One of "Sarah Tate Foster In Bondage" and have been absolutely thrilled! This must be the epitome of "Love Bondage." Sarah is so beautiful in just a natural way, and I sincerely believe from her expressions in the photographs that she is a very willing participant for Atreus, not just a paid model.

It is evident that the relationship that they enjoy is one that has taken a logical progression that all of us who have been fortunate enough to have a willing partner have experienced. In other words, he, through his comments, for instance, about returning from California and wanting to see if her arms could be made to meet at the elbow, explains to the reader that she is not a totally experienced bondage partner, and that her limits in bondage have yet to be fully explored or defined.

For the intelligent reader of your publications, this is the type of commentary that we have been needing for so long.

For further critique: I enjoyed the variety of selection of costuming, especially the corsetry. The corset itself has been recognized as a restraint garment for untold years and of course has surely had its place in the realm of bondage. However, its use never gets old. So these photos show that the use of a corset still has its place in a very modern publication.

The use of the rubber costuming deserves some comment, also in that it again shows

the versatility of the photographer and the subject, i.e. their ability to adapt to a more recent form of fetish. By that I mean that bondage of some type or another has been around for thousands of years, and corsetry for at least hundreds, but here we have a recently developed material that lends itself to being used as a restraint perfectly, and it certainly be attractive, as in the rubber stockings, gloves and bathingcaps worn by Sarah.

I have never been one to feel an erotic reaction when confronted with two females posed in lesbian type activities, but the sequence done with Sarah and Robyn seemed very real and relaxed and natural. I certainly appreciated the commentary by Sarah explaining the kissing and her reactions, because it made it very easy for me to understand and accept. If I were to dream up two lovely girls bound in this same situation as a fantasy, it would seem to me that they would try to comfort each other in some manner, while awaiting their fate, be it known or unknown, and this sequence is certainly not unreal if you look at it that way.

The only suggestion that I would possibly add would be in two areas if you are contemplating future issues by Atreus with Sarah. I would really like to see her gagged with a more contemporary gag, such as a ball gag or a ball-gag harness of some type. She would look spectacular being laced into a discipline helmet and a single glove. Otherwise, just keep up the very simple, straight forward clean rope bondage of this lady.

Again, my congratulations on one of the best that has been done by Harmony. You have outdone yourself this time!

Sincerely,
C.R. in
South Carolina



"When it really comes down to it, what you can accept and share with another person depends directly on your reaction to that person. You can share a lot with someone that you feel *worthy*. If there is chemistry between you, a natural affinity, then there's no decision required. Sharing becomes a playful experience, two against one. Unthinking acceptance."

SFT

THE HARMONY PHILOSOPHY

What is most discouraging to us about this business are the prevailing social misconceptions concerning bondage, at least the benevolent, romantic type of bondage that we produce. For the unenlightened, what we represent and advocate really needs to be clarified. In that spirit, the following general explanation is at least a start.

It has never been nor will it ever be our purpose to depict women as mere subordinates to men. These pictures and articles are not about that. The materials we produce are carefully and, we think, obviously designed for men and women to whom bondage is an important *mutual* diversion, a recreational and benevolent experience, a fantasy with a happy ending, a good-natured game in which everybody wins.

It is not the pleasure of our patrons nor our intention to offend or demean or abuse or exploit or disadvantage, be aggressive against, or cause even the slightest pain to our models, or to suggest that such is occurring to the ladies they are portraying. We do not characterize victims; we characterize *lovers* who are mutually involved in a complex and bizarre, but highly stimulating personal activity. The taste we reflect is *mutually* exciting and pleasurable — the bondage can be for the sake of sexual teasing or foreplay; or the acting out of a benign rescue fantasy with slightly juvenile undertones; or just the sweet and secret, simple sharing of a very special physical intimacy between caring persons. Whichever of these it is, we have characterized it on our pages as "Love Bondage."

While we cannot police the motives and psyches of our customers, we can and do shape our materials for completely benevolent natures only — either the adult who was imprinted during adolescence by the thrilling and heroic adventure story rescue of a bound and gagged and ultimately loving female, or the male or female adult whose basic nature identifies with the female in bondage and craves to personally experience those same offbeat sensations for either deeply psychological reasons, or, to state this in the simplest possible terms, *because it actually feels good*, safe and comforting even. He or she is wrapped up tightly and snugly, there is a feeling of

being protected, and the rope becomes surrogate for a protective lover's arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, and they alone, that we create these visual fantasies.

Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have no reason to linger, since what they are seeking is probably the exact spiritual opposite of what we have to offer.

Good drama does not exist without conflict, and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable paperback tale or television episode containing the same elements. But in all of the photos that we present, be they from contributors or our own associates, the woman is there willingly, even gladly, and for her own reasons. Were she not, we would not publish the picture.

Therefore, the bondage that is dramatized here is an essentially gentle act used by lovers to intensify their physical and spiritual closeness. She gets to belong utterly to someone she loves, and to be adored for what he perceives as the prettiness of her dependency on him. She has surrendered for him that part of her independence she *doesn't* want. They are fortune-blessed soul-mates, theirs is completely a mutual act of trust, love, appreciation of themselves and each other. And the readers who look on perceive her bondage as physically and spiritually pleasing to her — she knows that it has more to do with being wanted than abused. Were that not the case, we would ourselves be offended.

Our bondage has absolutely nothing to do with demeaning anyone. It is totally and utterly a bilateral activity, and, were it not, we wouldn't have anything to do with it.

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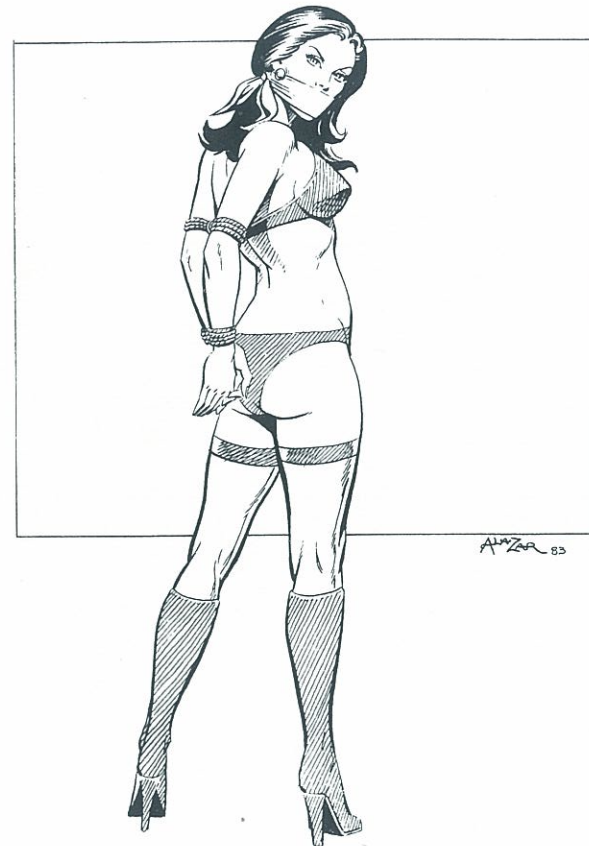
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Dear Harmony,

We had another game of Bondage Tennis recently, my Sarah and I. It followed the usual rules — no balls and rackets, no spectators or umpire, just a quiet few hours one sunny Saturday.

Sarah won points straightaway for her outfit. I love tennis gear on beautiful women and Sarah usually tries to wear something I haven't seen on her before. For today's "game," she wore a simple pleated skirt and a loose white top, mid-length tennis socks and a pair of those chunky white tennis sneakers coeds used to wear a lot.

I tied Sarah up, her hands behind her back, her arms bound together, her ankles secured and cinched. A neat white gag filled her mouth. The score was even at this point; I had the controlling hand, you might say, but...hm, that outfit and those looks. The score was getting more even by the minute.

I took some pictures, mood studies in the soft afternoon light. Sarah was most cooperative, meekly turning this way and that, lifting her head, then letting it settle back down in a thoughtful pose, accepting whatever position I put her in....



ABOUT BEAUTIFUL
BONDAGE SCENES:

Soft visual fantasizations of "Love Bondage." New and unpublished "Damsels in Distress" pictures from Harmony and independent bondagers. The Harmony "Bound Beauties" on parade, mostly in lingerie bondage. Little if any text— but a generous assortment of pictures of the prettiest bondage models in the world today.



As the afternoon advanced, we went from a seated pose to a kneeling one, then down on the floor in preparation for a hogtie. In no time at all, Sarah's feet were lashed up to her hands. I cinched a length of rope through her arms ropes, passed it through and around her wrist cords, then fastened it to her ankle ropes: a very effective hogtie indeed. Sarah had no choice but to struggle on the floor while I took some pictures. I paused now and then to caress her, running my hands up under her top, under her skirt, down her thighs, leaning over her, kissing her neck, slipping my tongue in under her gag, kissing her belly and legs, kissing her sneakers.

Sarah was totally, absolutely helpless and getting very turned on. Every kiss, every small exploration, every invasion, was adding to her arousal. Her struggles became more wild, her white skirt and top riding up from her exertions, her sandshoes squeaking deliciously as she rubbed them together, twisting her hands and feet about, tossing her head. The final photograph shows her flushed with excitement.

Our game was over; the score pretty well even. Yep, love all!

Atreus



The Lady Diver

I saw a Lady Diver yesterday down on the beach
As she headed for a sheltered spot quite safely out of reach,
Away from all the prying eyes of people round about
The lady wanted privacy (of this there was no doubt).
I watched her disappear from view, the rough rocks fell between,
Then innocently I made my way to where (it seemed) she meant to dive,
Crept close without a sound so she would not hear me arrive.
She stood there in her rubber suit, all sleek and shiny black,
Then spread a blanket on the sand and lay down on her back.
I noticed then her suit was not the usual diver's wear
But thinner, tighter, more secure, it gripped her everywhere.
She stretched the hood up on her head, it hid her hair away,
Then rubber gloves went on her hands from a bag near where she lay.
Her mask and fins were to one side, her snorkel near at hand,
But this lady seemed far more intent to stretch out on the sand.
Her arms and legs were all flung wide as if fastened to the ground
And a bathingcap between her teeth now stifled every sound.
She then leant up and looked about, made sure she was unseen,
Then from her bag took rubber straps, you could tell it by their sheen.
The first she tied across her mouth so the cap went deep inside,
The next two went round feet and knees, the lady's legs were tied.
Then straps for shoulders, chest and waist, her arms stretched down, around,
A final knotted one for wrists and the lady was quite bound.
Lying there, face down, upon her blanket on the sand
She began to move herself about to passion's sweet command.
I crept out from my hiding place, crept up without a sound,
And cinched her wrists with one last strap, the lady's hands were bound.
She struggled, startled, looked about, beheld me standing there,
Her eyes went wide above her gag, all she could do was stare.
"It seems a shame to leave you here all by yourself this way,
I'll take advantage of your plight — the rubber suit can stay.
For I note you have a zipper where it's needed most, below.
But first you'll have to show me if it's where you'd have me go!
For now I'll wear these rubber gloves — you've brought a second pair.
There, they look good, lie back now please and let me touch you — there!"
She arched and twisted, whimpered too, though the fear went from her eyes,
Her buttocks did a sensuous dance she cared not to disguise.
Her cries became more rhythmic too, a lovely thing to hear,
My fingers sank between her legs, I watched them disappear.
The lady twisted in her bonds, her gag restrained her cries,
She gave a look of growing trust and then she closed her eyes.
Since now I'd gained the privilege, I eased myself within,
We lay there, coupled, gently joined, and felt a love begin.
And later, talking on the sand, full of deep joy inside,
We talked of what might lie in wait at the returning of the tied!

Atreus

JOIN HARMONY TO MAKE MONEY & HAVE FUN!

You can become Harmony's partner by shooting personal bondage videotapes to our standards and selling them through us. You'll reach the *entire* bondage market through Harmony's mailings and magazines. We ask for fully-dressed, costume and lingerie bondage (no nudes!) and good-natured bondage — no rough stuff, no explicit sex, no guns or weapons or coercion of any kind. Be sure to cover your videotaping with still photography which is necessary to advertise your video programs. If you are interested, do *not* send us a letter of inquiry. Instead, send us the *master copy* of your videotape (after making a copy for yourself) and we'll respond with our terms.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS
Box 69976
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NOTE TO NEW CUSTOMERS:
First initial requests for monthly Harmony brochures are sent brochures for the three most current months. Customers subsequently placing orders for our materials are then sent all of our previous brochures, usually representing 3 years or so. Customers not purchasing the equivalent of at least 2 magazines within six months of being sent their first brochures are dropped from our mailing list.

Sirs:

As you said, the centerspread of "Sarah in Bondage" was worth the price of the issue. That and the lady's own powerful words. Look forward to hearing Robyn's side of things in a future issue.

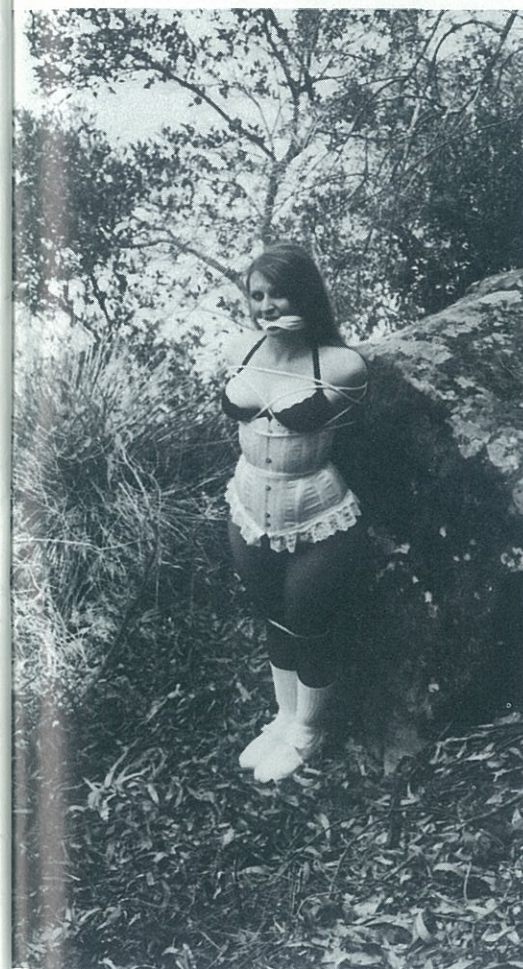
Jeff & Katie

Gentlemen:

I am writing to compliment you for producing such a stunning magazine as "Sarah Foster Tate in Bondage." I hope we will see additional magazines devoted to this lovely girl. I am also looking forward to seeing Robyn in her own magazine (the sequence of her with Sarah on the bed was fantastic) and also Tara. Atreus is by far my favorite bondage photographer.

Keep up the good work, and please don't keep us waiting too long for more of Sarah, Robyn and Tara.

Sincerely,
J.S.

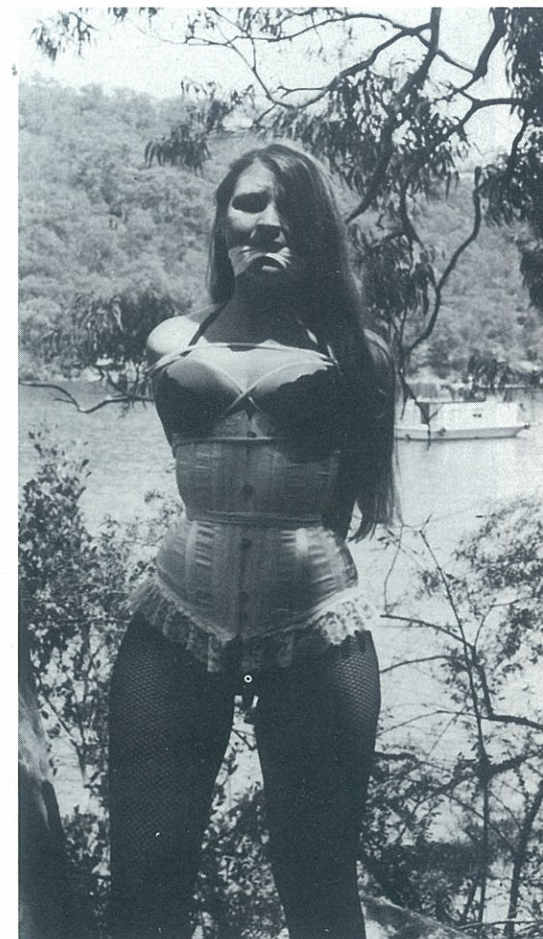


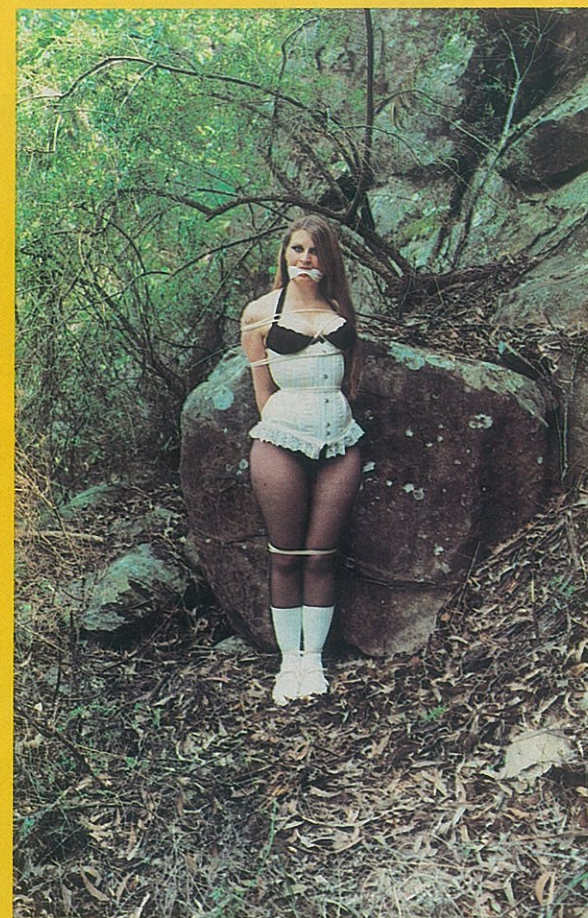
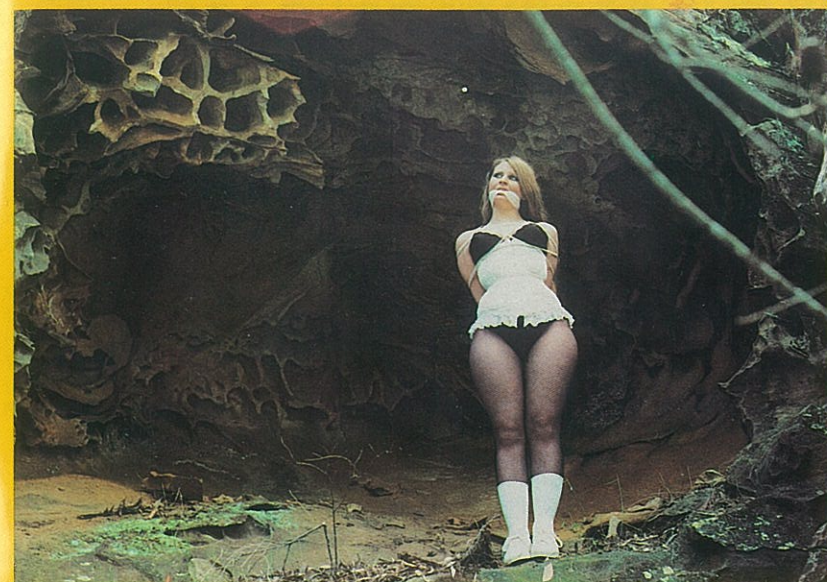
Once, during a houseboating adventure, Sarah and I rowed ashore to take some pictures set in bushland. Sarah wore her white corset, black bra and panties, pantyhose, socks and white sneakers. We found a nicely secluded spot on the shore and I placed Sarah in tight bondage. She stood there roped and gagged, her wrists, arms, legs and feet all tied, a thick cloth gag tightly in her mouth.

We took our time over this. The spot was simply beautiful; it was a perfect spring day. Bondage to me is the total enhancement of feminine beauty, seen here as Sarah stands meekly in a forest glade by a river, lost in a meditative calm as she gives in to being bound and gagged. It deserves a poem, it's that beautiful.

Sarah and I often joke about what photos would suit Harmony magazine covers. We're no experts at this, it's just a way of reliving our bondage adventures and enjoying that extra fun dimension of going public and sharing what we have. We *know* that Sarah is a woman who *loves* being like this. The eyes say it all.

So Sarah progressed from some quiet standing shots to being bound to a tree as an Aussie Gwen, then to being posed in a cave looking out over the river. In some of these shots, you can see our houseboat in the background.





“We share a lot of things by association, because of what it means to the other person. But one thing we do love in common is rubber. Giving reasons is difficult. I can think of the sheen, the smooth feel of it, and the way it holds the body when you wear it. I love wearing rubber and being tied and gagged...”

